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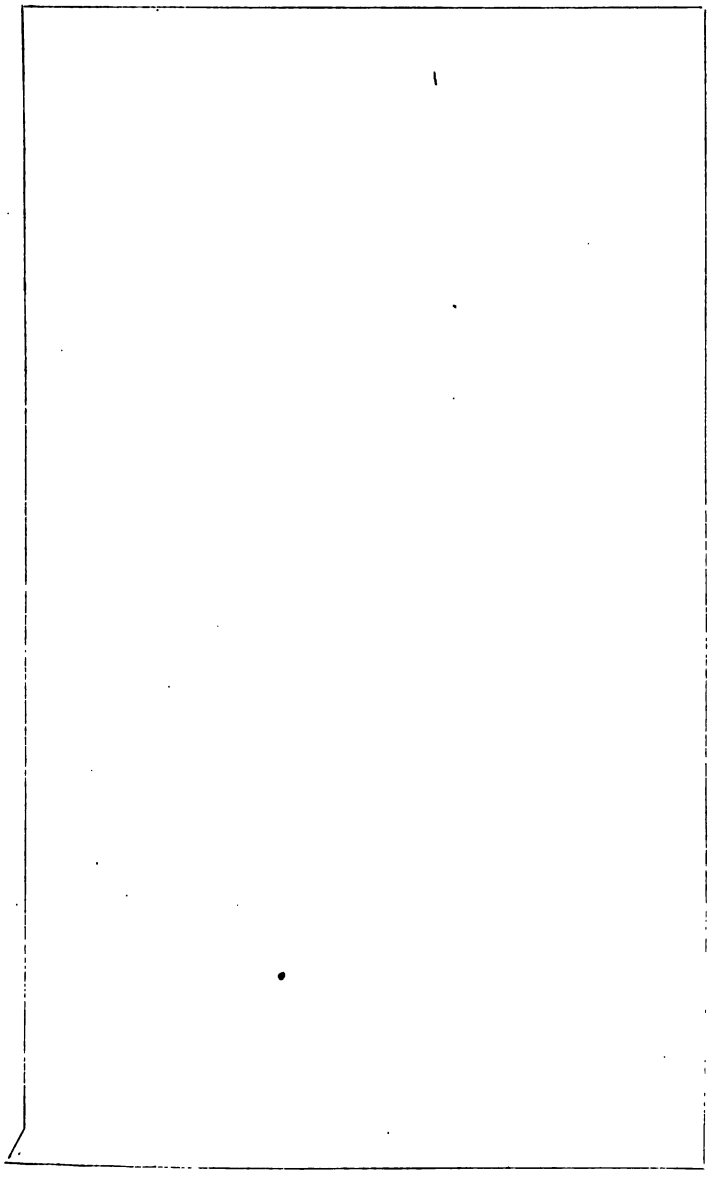
CHURCH

LYRICS & BALLADS

Church Lyrics and Ballads.



Church Lyrics

AND

BALLADS.

BY

WILLIAM A. PENNELL.

LONDON:
G. J. PALMER, 32, LITTLE QUEEN STREET,
LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.
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TO

THE REV. GEORGE NUGÉE, M.A.,

VICAR OF WYMERING, &c.,

These Ballads

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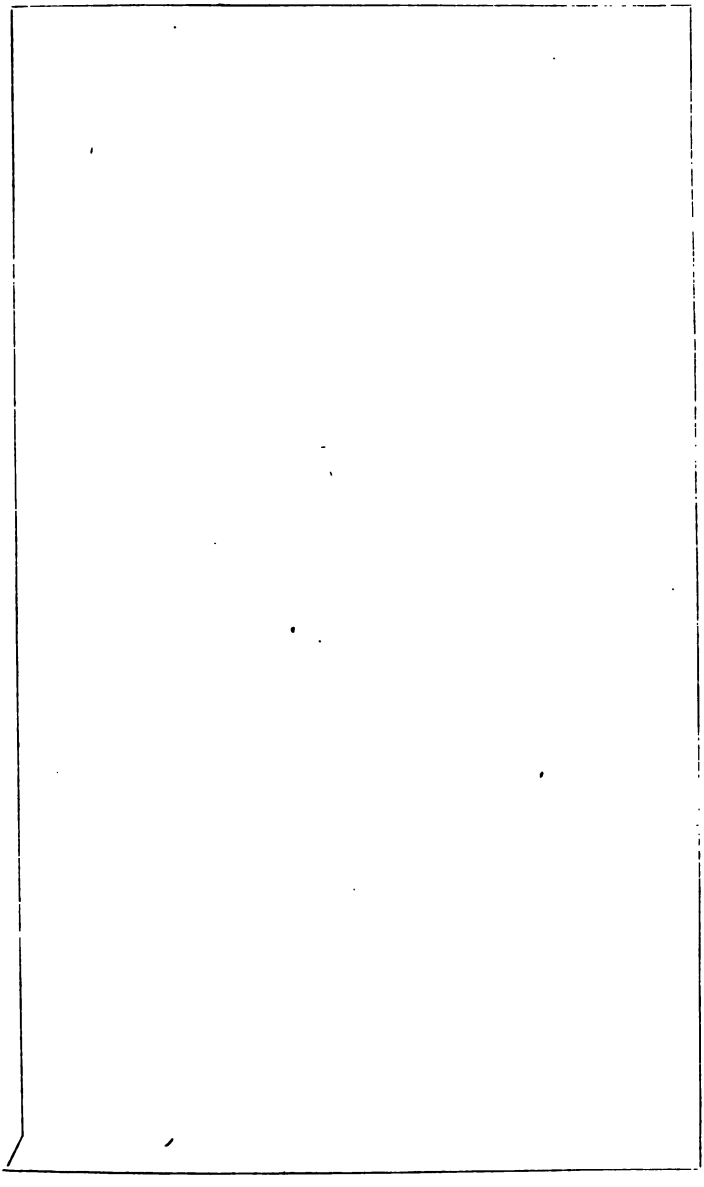

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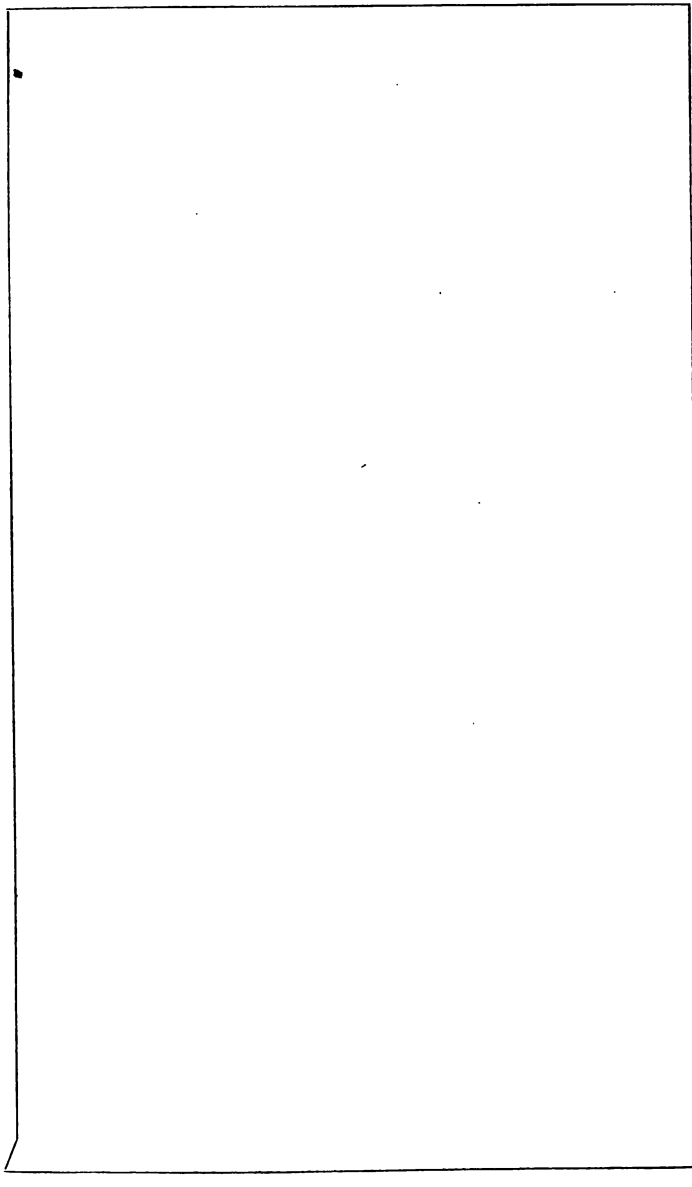


CHURCH LYRICS AND BALLADS.

Matin Bells.

1.

THE matin bells are ringing
Merrily and gay,
And calling all good Christians
To the Church's holy-day.

2.

The little band of choristers
In robes as white as snow,
Preceded by their vested priests,
Are chanting as they go.

3.

And now a train of virgins
Glide softly on their way,
The Church's brightest jewels,
To join the matin lay.

4.

The maiden and the youth,
The grandsire and the dame,
In one another's company
Are hastening o'er the plain.

5.

And the little robin-redbreast,
E'en though a bird it be,
Into the holy edifice
Has flown to swell the glee.

6.

The rich man and the poor
Alike are seated there,
For distinction is unknown
In God's house of prayer.

7.

And now the bells have ceased
And sweetly voices rise,
And mingling with the organ,
Strive to reach the skies.

Alice Wilson.

1.

'Twas on a summer's eve,
And many a year ago,
A group of men and women
Were heaving to and fro.

2.

The men they curs'd and swore,
The women wept and pray'd,
And 'twixt the cursing and the prayers
A dismal noise they made.

3.

Lashed to a wooden stake
A maiden fast was bound,
Her hands behind were tightly tied,
From her lips came there no sound.

4.

"Alice," they cried, "dear Alice, hear us,
Ere it be too late,
See how the tide is quickly rising,
Oh! answer for our sake."

5.

"My darling Alice," the mother cried,
"My sweet, mine only child,
Oh! hearken to this sorrowing voice,
Drive not your mother wild.

6.

Say but God save the King,
'Tis all I ask and pray,
Say but God save King James,
And you'll be saved to-day."

7.

"Mother, dear mother," the maiden cried,
"You know that cannot be,
God save King James, if such he wills,
God save him ne'er comes from me."

8.

An instant—and the sea had hushed
The dying girl's voice for ever,
But the spirit's last earthly look told
'Twas not so difficult to sever.

Evensong.

1.

The eventide is falling,
The even bell is calling
The warrior and the maiden
To the Church's hallow'd haven.

2.

Silently they enter,
In silence near the Altar,
Gaze upon that Cross, so dear,
Ever distant, ever near.

3.

The incense slowly burning,
In fragrant clouds upturning,
Hymns of adoration,
Mellow'd by devotion.

4.

Ave Maria! name most dear,
Ave Maria! hear our prayer,
Hear us, for 'tis Thy children call,
Help us, sweet Mother, lest we fall.

5.

Rapturously the traveller gazed
Upon that scene so blissful,
And on the bright-lit Altar saw
Visions fair and peaceful.

6.

Thrice-happy ye, good Christians,
Then of your charity I ask,
The prayers of intercession,
'Tis, I ween, a joyous task.

Desecration.

Templa vastantur: dejiciuntur simulacra majorum.

1.

A TALE I'll tell, good Christians,
So list to me awhile,
A tale of desecration
That happened in our isle.

2.

'Twas on St. Peter's Day,
And the old Cathedral pile
Was filled with the true and faithful
Who knelt along the aisle.

3.

The prayer for the King, His Majestie,
The priest had boldly said,
When suddenly a shriek was heard
That swift as lightning sped.

4.

For Cromwell's ruthless spearmen
Had burst the sacred door,
And now with fearful oaths
Into the aisle did pour.

5.

And straightway to the Altar
They quickly made their way,
And seized the holy vessels—
From naught their hands did stay.

6.

The richly painted windows
Full speedily they broke,
In glittering fragments flew the glass
At every wanton stroke.

7.

The venerable monuments,
So cherished and so prized,
Were mutilated sorely,
And some complete destroy'd.

8.

And now their impious hands
Upon the font did lay,
And soon the sacred vessel
Was levell'd in the fray.

9.

For well-a-day, their sin was such
They fill'd it to the brink
And then with horrid laughter did
Their horses make to drink.

10.

And thus these Christless men
Their wicked work pursued,
'Till near the whole Cathedral
With holy wreck was strew'd.

11.

The worshippers had long since fled
At the first dreaded sound,
The faithful priest alone remained
'Till driven from the ground.

12.

In ages far remote
Now shall their deeds be known
For aye their marks are deep engraved,
On many a massive stone.

The Martyrdom of St. Pancras.

1.

Pancratius trod the Flavian ground,
The last survivor he
Of the Victims slain before
To shake his swerveless constancy;
Daring and dauntless forth he stood
With an untrembling air,
His hands before him meekly cross'd
In attitude of prayer.

2.

When suddenly a sound is heard,
The signal note is given,
And, goaded by their keepers on,
The leopards forth are driven;

Furiously they lash their tails,
And madly bite the air,
Yet one by one they pass him by,
As if a magic charm were there.

3.

And now a furious bull let loose
With bended neck towards him rush'd,
Then suddenly stopped, as if his head
'Gainst a barrier wall had crush'd;
"Provoke him, thou coward," the Emperor cried;
"Provoke him!" throughout the theatre rang,
When as if from a trance he had just then awoke,
Pancratius towards his enemy sprang.

4.

The savage brute now turn'd and fled
As if a lion were pursuing him there,
And meeting his keeper close by the gate
Fiercely toss'd him high in the air;

The mob for an instant seem'd wholly subdued
At the sight of the youth, so calm,
When quickly a voice from the crowd shouted out,
"'Tis a sorcerer—see, from his neck hangs a charm!"

5.

For a small flask of crystal and gold,
Which had been most carefully seal'd,
With the blood of the youth's martyr'd sire,
By accident had just been reveal'd;
The Emperor, now frantic with rage,
Bid the boy cast from him the charm,
But such he denied that it was,
Without the least trace of alarm.

6.

"For, Sire," continued the youth,
With a smile that brightly beam'd,
"'Tis a legacy already bequeathed
Far richer than anything deem'd;

My Father his faith did confess,
On this very spot where I stand
I'm a Christian, and for my Lord's sake
Resign my life into His hand.

7.

"Try again, I beseech you," said he,
"My father a panther tore down,
It may be 'tis Heaven's decree
That thus I should win too a crown;"
The crowd seem'd softened and won
By his form, his courage, his age,
But Pancratius was eager to shun
Their mercy—and courted their rage.

8.

He had promised himself Heaven that day,
Disappointed was he now to be?
Tears started into his eyes
As he exclaimed with almost of glee,

"To-day, most Blessed Lord, come,
Show now Thy mercy on me,
For in me has Thy power been sufficiently shown
To them who believe not in Thee.

9.

"The panther," a voice shouted out,
"The panther," roared forth the whole band,
When, as if 'twere by magic, forth started up
A cage from the midst of the sand;
And as it rose in the air,
Its sides fell with a deep sound,
And glancing around, with with one graceful bound,
The elegant captive sprang to the ground.

10.

Though tortured by hunger and thirst,
And enraged by the yells of the band,
It seem'd, as it were, almost playful,
As it gamboll'd and frisked on the sand;

Till catching a glimpse of its prey,
All its feline cunning regain'd,
And creeping along with a stealthy step,
Its measured distance obtain'd.

11.

For a moment it motionless lay,
'Midst the deep silence that reign'd,
Then with a light spring, and a low snarling sound,
The martyr'd youth's neck had gain'd:
For an instant he stood there erect,
Brought to his lips his right hand,
And waving his arm to Sebastian above,
With a smile sank down on the sand.

12.

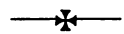
The veins of his neck had been severed,
Lucinia's son's sacrifice accepted,
And at once the repose of martyrdom fell
And gently on his eyes rested;

And the blood of the martyr soon soften'd,
Brighten'd, enrich'd, and united
Inseparably with that of his Father,
Whom Heaven had before him invited.*

* The above is, for the most part, paraphrased from "Fabiola" by Cardinal Wiseman.

Ecclesia.

O Amabiles tuas edes, Deus omnipotens.—Psalter.



1.

I love my parish Church,
With its old, old walls,
And the ivy-grown tower,
Where the owl at night-time calls.

2.

I love the red-tiled Porch,
And the foot-trodden floor,
With its roof so quaintly gabled,
And the weather-beaten door.

3.

And the old, old trees I love,
Where birds their carols sing,
And the dreamy-looking owl,
At even flaps his wing.

4.

I love to see the choristers,
With faces clear and bright,
Come winding up the narrow path,
All robed in pure white.

5.

And hear at the fall of eve,
The sound of the dear old chimes,
Awakening a sad-sweet feeling
Of regret for the olden times.

6.

I love, when the noon-day sun
Shines with oppressive glare,
To stray into the church awhile,
And breathe its hallow'd air.

7.

And trace upon the monuments
The tales of other times,
And read of lord and lady
Their virtues and their crimes.

8.

I love the Lady-Chapel,
And that sweet and holy face
Of the ever blessed Mary,
Thron'd in queenly grace.

9.

And hear upon each sabbath,
The Holy Virgin's song,
And see the incense rising,
'Midst the white-robed throng.

10.

I love the sweet-smooth Anglican,
And the rich unbroken strains
Of the incomparable Gregorian,
That to the Church alone pertains.

11.

And the soul-melting anthem,
Which in notes full sweet and clear,
Floats along the hallow'd aisle,
And melts upon the ear.

12.

I love those deep stain'd windows,
Which martyrs and saints unfold,
In hues as bright and varied,
As the glory they shed of old.

13.

And the Catholic Faith I love,
Sung in the dim old pile,
In notes of solemn grandeur,
That vibrate through the aisle.

14.

I love my parish Church,
And aught that is her own,
From the big, massive pillar,
To the smallest, tiniest stone!

The Magdalene.

1.

Like an o'ercharged lily,
Droopingly she knelt,
Like the poison of a serpent,
A bitter pang she felt;
Her face from the Altar
Silently was turn'd,
She had tried to gaze upon it,
And her countenance had burn'd.

2.

To the sweet melting music,
Sadly she had listen'd,
'Till her raven lashes,
With tears of sorrow glisten'd;

And then at length the drops
From her dark eyes roll'd,
Unknown and unheeded,
Flow'd they uncontroll'd.

3.

Plaintively and sadly,
Did those dark eyes wander,
Seeming to look for sympathy,
And that which is far stronger;
'Till in her soul's grief she look'd
So innocent and bright,
That her loveliness might have shaken,
The saintship of an eremite.

The Harvest Festival.

1.

Awake, awake, ye slumberers!
Arise, make haste, I say,
For the Church her harvest festival,
Celebrates to-day.

2.

The sun hath long since risen,
And gloriously it shines,
Shining on all around it,
On those who are up betimes.

3.

Hark! what a joyous sound,
Comes bursting through the air,
Calling ye good and ye faithful,
To the early morning prayer.

4.

Oh, let us not then tarry,
Whate'er may be the plea,
Nor skulk into the holy Church,
As some full-oft we see.

5.

How beautiful the Church appears,
On this bright festal morn,
Deck'd like a fair and lovely bride,
Whom fairest flowers adorn.

6.

The Holy Cross, how sweetly twined
With roses bright with dew,
How tenderly each flower is placed,
That only loving hands could do.

7.

And shadow'd by the Cross there lie,
Small sheaves of golden corn,
An humble offering, early made,
By the Church at break of dawn.

8.

Now swells the loud Te Deum,
'Till the sound is heard without,
And rises to the skies,
In an united shout.

9.

And when the Benediction
Has follow'd after prayer,
How happily the bless'd
To the village green repair.

10.

And now the feast is o'er,
And songs brimful of glee,
With merry sorts of games,
Cause swift the hours to flee.

11.

'Till evening shades appear,
Dimming the twilight air,
And the bells ring out once more
For evensong and prayer.

12.

Yet still the players linger,
One farewell game to take,
And show they like it best,
By the joyful sound they make.

13.

Nor move they from the ground,
'Till fades the last gleam of day,
And the glimmering twilight melts
Beneath the moon away.

14.

Then speed they to the Church,
In not indecent haste,
And before the bells have ceased,
Each in his seat is plac'd.

15.

Now rolls the rich Gregorian,
In an unbroken strain,
Caught up by either aisle,
And shouted back again.

16.

But when the Gloria Patri,
Crowns each succeeding song,
O! how the voices blend,
And swell the sound along.

17.

For there are griefs forgot,
And sorrow mis-named is love,
Nor can the cold-bonds of earth,
Stay the soul's flight above.

18.

And now, amidst deep silence,
The Blessing forth is given,
And rests upon the weary,
Like dew distill'd from heaven.

Misericordia.

1.

Darkly and drearily,
The rain is falling wearily,
Lightly and steadily,
The Sister is stepping cheerily.

2.

Clad in a robe, as black as jet,
With a hood and a bonnet comely set,
With the whitest of collars, as white as drift snow,
And a white little Cross peeping up from below.

3.

Upon a pallet strewn with straw,
A withered boy was lying,
His out-stretch'd arms were thin and bare,
He was faintly, feebly sighing.

4.

His matted hair lay scatter'd and long,
His eyes were sunken and dim,
With a look of despair, and a dying air,
He gazed and beheld a vision fair.

5.

A vision of light, a spirit bright,
Was gently bending o'er him,
And gently she rais'd his head,
And softly smooth'd his lowly bed.

6.

Oh! task of peerless price,
Oh! mission of mercy and love,
Holy, saintly, unalloy'd,
Mirror'd from heaven above.

The Vigil of St. Lucy.

1.

The stars are brightly shining,
In the firmament above,
In silence they are sparkling,
In splendour and in love.

2.

Before a lighted altar,
A lowly form is keeling,
In murmur'd accents soft and low,
Her voice to Heaven's appealing.

3.

When in the stilly hour of night,
My soul to Heaven I raise,
Jesu Maria, hear my prayer,
Avert not Thou Thy gaze.

4.

Deep in my heaving bosom lies,
That Thou alone canst know,
Oh! still preserve me pure within,
Retain me white as snow.

5.

Stifle the fire that in me burns,
Accept these scalding tears,
Tranquillize my drooping spirit,
Calm my anxious fears.

6.

And lead me to yon starry sky,
A pure and spotless bride,
As pure and stainless receive Thou him,
With Thee ever to abide.

The May Fête.

1.

As I strayed on a morning along,
In the gladdest of days in May,
A sound of mirth I suddenly heard,
That the breeze had wafted my way.

2.

So I hurried along, for I wished to know
From whence this glad sound came,
And soon I arrived at where a Church stood,
Whose spire I'd seen in the lane.

3.

'Twas a joyous sight that met my view,
As I listened awhile to the glee,
A sight of joy, so simple and real,
As did the heart good to see.

4.

In the midst of a lawn hedged in with may,
A large old ash tree stood,
And beneath it a mimic throne was raised,
Built of wild flowers and wood.

5.

And bright were the faces that clustered around
The throne of the May Queen to be,
And loud the glad voices, and eager the eyes
Of children all eager to see.

6.

'Till at length a shrill noise is heard,
The heralds with trumpets proclaim,
The approach of Her Majesty's Court,
With a noble and glittering train.

7.

Attended by squires and knights,
In panoplied and costly array,
The May Queen, a pretty child comes,
In a white robe trimm'd with red may.

8.

And then come the honourable maids,
With wreaths of may, too, but white,
A group of sweet happy children,
That gracefully make up the sight.

9.

The throne is gained, and at once,
Not knowing if to cry or to smile,
Her Majesty takes up her place,
And loud ring the cheers meanwhile.

10.

When silence at length was restored,
The Rector stood forth alone,
And with a few feeling words addressed to the Queen,
At once drew near to the throne.

11.

Then placing a crown on her brow,
Made of white and red may,
Earnestly expressed a hope she might win,
A crown that would not fade away.

12.

Long and loud were the cheers that arose,
And fast flew the hats all around,
When suddenly a stop is put to the mirth,
By a sudden and ominous sound.

13.

A knight in armour stood forth,
And with a most knightly air,
Boldly challenged whoe'er he might be,
To dispute the grace of the lady fair.

14.

Thrice was the challenge proclaimed,
And thrice was unanswered—when
The knight retiring from whence he came,
All harmony reigned again.

15.

And now a May song was sung,
In a light and joyous strain,
By a band of the village choir,
And loud are the plaudits they gain.

16.

This ended they quickly disperse,
And scatter themselves all around,
And morris-dance and game of all sorts,
Make the air with their clamour resound.

17.

The old folk are meanwhile regailed,
With wholesome and bounteous fare,
And lighting their pipes, look on at the games
With a complacent and satisfied air.

18.

And at length when the Church-tower clock,
Bid me depart on my way,
'Twas with feelings of unmixed regret,
I could not my sojourn delay.

19.

So onward I musingly strayed,
Reflecting with inward content,
At what I'd looked on that day,
And the time I'd so pleasantly spent.

Spring Carol.

1.

Winter months are nearly past,
Spring is now advancing,
Darkness now gives way to light,
Sunny beams are glancing:
St. Prisca and St. Fabian
Long since we've bid adieu,
And we've hail'd St. Vincent
And Agatha anew.

2.

Violets and cowslips,
Now deck the earth again,
Larks sing, soaring to the skies,
The ever joyous strain;

Louder and yet louder,
The wild notes reach the ear,
As higher and yet higher,
They mount from sound of fear.

3.

Sunshine now we plenty have,
Sombre clouds are few,
Fields are of a brighter green,
And skies a deeper blue;
And gentle showers that sweep the woods,
And breezes soft and balmy,
Now fill the air with fragrance sweet,
Then disappear as calmly.

4.

But, oh! 'tis only we who rise,
To hail the early morn,
Can ever feel the rapture of
A newly risen dawn!
Now see the sun in splendour rising,
Watch its bright beams descend,
Drink of the air so pure and gentle,
Feel the sweet breeze extend.

5.

But, hush! the matin bells are ringing,
In yonder belfry they are swinging,
Telling of the day begun,
Of another glorious sun;
Hark! in numbers soft and gentle,
O'er the earth they sweetly flow,
On the breeze so gently borne,
Alternately they come and go.

6.

The sun has slowly risen,
And now shines full and bright,
The dews are sparkling,
Beneath its golden light;
And the leaves on the boughs seem greener,
Each flower a lovelier hue,
As bowed with their glittering burden,
They tremble wet with dew.

7.

For winter months are nearly past,
And spring is now advancing,
And gloom has vanish'd from the earth,
And sunny beams are glancing;

And things that were in silence wrapt,
Have long since found a voice,
Wherewith to raise the strains they utter,
Let us, too, now rejoice.

The Church in the Wilderness.

1.

Come listen, Christians, listen!
Nor cavil not I pray,
At my untutor'd melody,
Nor scorn my lowly lay:
Though many seas I've sailed upon,
And wandered many a mile,
My heart has never ceased to turn,
To our sweet Christian isle.

2.

And though I've never visited
The Holy Sepulchre,
Nor set my foot on Holy Land,
My zeal I do not fear;

For the further I did journey,
From this my native shore,
My heart it grew the heavier,
And my love increased the more.

3.

For then I felt, and not till then,
The loss I'd never known,
The loss of our dear Mother Church,
And all seemed drear and lone;
And then I would strain mine ears,
To catch the sound of a bell,
For like a ray of sunshine,
It on my spirit fell.

4.

Though Churches there in many,
Their domes reared in the air,
No solace could they give me,
For the true Church was not there;
And though I'd sometimes enter,
Some holy fane may be,
My thoughts would wander strangely,
For all seemed strange to me.

5.

For with Rome I could have no sympathy,
With her hollow, heartless show,
And all her vain imaginings,
And impulsive joy and woe;
And then it was I felt,
The purity and grace,
Between our Church's services,
And Rome's unblushing face.

6.

And then I'd kneel me down,
And fervently would pray,
That Rome to the ancient faith,
Might yet return some day:
And on a day it chanced,
As I journeyed on my way,
My footsteps led me on,
To where a village lay.

7.

'Twas a Sabbath day—to me
A day of all the rest,
I prized, and missed most bitterly,
For it had seemed as yet unblest:

Some chimes I'd heard afar,
And now I was by the side
Of a little Norman edifice,
With a tower and portal wide.

8.

In structure it was cruciform,
And at once engaged the sight,
By its unadorn'd simplicity,
And purity of type:
Then as I slowly entered,
My eyes saw with delight,
Two tapers on the Altar,
Burning clear and bright.

9.

And soon the beautiful service,
Of our ancient Liturgie,
Carried me with it back again,
To mine own loved countrie;
For the prayers I'd known from childhood,
Each dear, familiar prayer,
Once more I heard repeated,
In tones of reverence there.

10.

And there the English priest
In snowy vestments stood,
Invested in his sable stole,
And alb and scarlet hood:
And the choristers were there,
All clad in comely white,
And chaunted the responses,
In notes of pure delight.

11.

And all was free and open,
To rich and poor the right,
All knelt in one communion,
And worshipped all alike;
For no unsightly pews,
Let out to greedy gain,
Disgraced the little nave,
Of St. Hilda's holy fane.

12.

And on each day throughout the year,
At morn and eventide,
St. Hilda's bell is heard to call
Her children to her side:

And on each holy festival,
The freshest flowers are brought,
And placed upon the Altar,
As a gift of love—unsought.

13.

And carefully and lovingly
St. Hilda's Church is kept,
The costliest palace never was
So scrupulously swept:
And St. Hilda's folk believe,
'Tis no small sin to dare,
To furnish well their own abodes,
And leave God's house half bare.

14.

I heard the loud Te Deum,
In strains majestic flow,
The Benedicite Omnia,
And Jubilate Deo;
And then the Universal Creed,
Joined in by one all,
Ascended to the skies,
'Till shook each massive wall.

15.

And now I'm back again,
On this dear Christian shore,
My heart hath learnt to value
And prize it all the more;
For whichever way I stray,
Where'er I turn my eyes,
Some village tower or spire,
Points gladly to the skies.

16.

Good Christians, I have finish'd,
Nor have I aught to say,
Though my thoughts still fondly dwell upon,
The Church that's far away:
And though, perhaps, there are many,
This idlesse will deem,
Full well, at least, I know,
'Tis not an idle dream.

The Betrothed.

1.

They tell me I'm to be married, mother,
But I feel that can never be;
They tell me I'm to be married, mother,
For he is soon coming back to me.

2.

They tell me he is coming, mother,
He'll come full well I know,
But I also know that when he comes,
They shall have laid me low.

3.

Dear mother, then you'll think of me,
Not in the kirk-yard wild,
You'll think of me, as I shall be,
In Heaven, a blessed child.

4.

And tell him, mother, when I'm gone,
He must not, indeed, despair;
Tell him 'twill be but a little while,
And we shall both meet there.

5.

And yet at times, dear mother,
Sad thoughts will fast arise,
And then it seems so hard to me,
To leave all I most prize.

6.

It seems, indeed, so hard to leave,
To leave Janet and you,
And never see on earth again,
The face I long to view.

7.

And then unknown to me, mother,
Vain tears fall thick and fast,
And I think of the grief I've caused you,
And I wish that from earth I had past.

8.

One wish I would make to you, mother,
Before I'm taken away,
That sometimes you'll place a wild thistle,
On the spot beneath which I shall lay.

9.

For that is the flower I love, mother,
Above all that blow in the year,
And now that I'm going to leave you,
It seems to me doubly dear.

10.

Now carry me to the window, mother,
For the shadows are falling fast,
And something there is that tells me,
That to-day is to be my last.

11.

And I fain would gaze once more,
On that bright and beautiful sun,
For it seems, as it were, to smile down on me,
As it tells me my race, too, is run.

12.

The darkness is deepening, mother,
Clouding the fast failing light,
But, O! what a different lightness,
Is far opening in on my sight.

13.

Now take this Cross from me, mother,
And when at length I'm at rest,
'Tis the sweetest memorial I have,
Give it him whom on earth I loved best.

The Sacristan.

1.

Oh, let me go, I pray you,
The boy sacristan cried,
As louder grew the voices,
That mingled at his side.

2.

Oh, take me not from hence,
Pray let me here remain,
And tears came in his eyes,
He had striven to restrain.

3.

Indeed, I cannot come with you,
I will not go away,
I have my task to finish,
And I do not care to play.

4.

Tell me, and I'll try to do
Whatever you may ask,
But, oh! I pray you stay me not,
In this my dearest task.

5.

You say I'm weak and foolish,
Because I'd rather stay,
And do the work I love to do,
Than go with you away.

6.

The greatest honour that I count,
From me, indeed, you'd take,
Could you my Master's service,
Induce me to forsake.

7.

Oh! please but to remember
The great insult you commit,
If His sacred work to finish,
You will not me permit.

8.

'Tis not for mine, but for His sake,
I ask you let me stay,
That so I may complete the work
I have to do to-day.

9.

Oh! let me, I beseech you,
My precious task fulfil,
Then will I cheerfully go with you,
Whichever way you will.

10.

But if this one sole favour,
You still will me deny,
Then rather than leave His service,
In His service will I die.

11.

Sweetly down the dim hush'd aisle,
The silv'ry accents fell,
And sweetly the echoes answer'd,
Like those of a distant bell.

12.

Sadly and solitary he stood,
Midst those just now so bold,
With a spirit not unworthy,
The martyrdom of old.

13.

He had shown to those around him,
The courage and the zeal,
The zeal they had often scoff'd at,
But which they now knew to be real.

14.

To die!—the word from others,
Had seem'd to them an empty boast,
Some vain and frivolous excuse,
An idle threat at most.

15.

But they who saw and watched,
The sad and earnest air,
That shadow'd the boy's pale face,
Knew 'twas resolute despair.

16.

For he had pass'd through the trial of trials,
Though bitter and severe,
And though so young had triumph'd,
For what he held so dear.

The Mother Church.

1.

Oh, if there be a sight that makes,
With joy the Christian heart t' abound,
'Tis to behold on this dear shore,
Uprear'd the Church around.

2.

Whether in some secluded vale,
The tower or spire is seen to rise,
Or whether amidst the noise of man,
They stretch as calmly to the skies.

3.

As when some child of innocence,
Clings, nestling to its mother's breast,
So, too, by this same infant's faith,
The faithful in the Church find rest.

4.

'Tis not by fear but love she'd bring,
All those that from her bosom stray,
And from that faith that springs from love,
Lighten and ease the rugged way.

5.

And if to cheer at intervals,
Rears to the weary the blest sign,
Banishing the dark, desponding past,
The future bright'ning with hopes divine.

6.

And 'midst the toil and turmoil of the world,
How sweet that bell sounds breaking through the air,
Chastening the countless hopes and fears,
And cheering the faint borne down with care.

7.

Reminding many in their seeming solitude,
'Midst varied scenes of earthly bliss,
'Tis but at best a shadow's transient shade,
For in reality no solitude there is.

8.

Her doors are free to all alike,
The lowly and the rich alike she'd win,
Nor stops she to inquire who passes by,
Bidding all that would to enter in.

9.

When the day's toil is o'er,
How sweet from the dust and heat,
And the world's noise, to feel
The cool, calm shelter of that blest retreat.

10.

Serenely conscious of her inward strength,
Beloved by thousands, scarce unbeloved by few,
Unchanged and changeless she stands,
The emblem of all that's beautiful and true.

11.

Dear Mother Church! may
Thy bright beams stray,
Far into lands which have as yet unknown,
The influence of thy gentle sway.

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